

FEBRUARY

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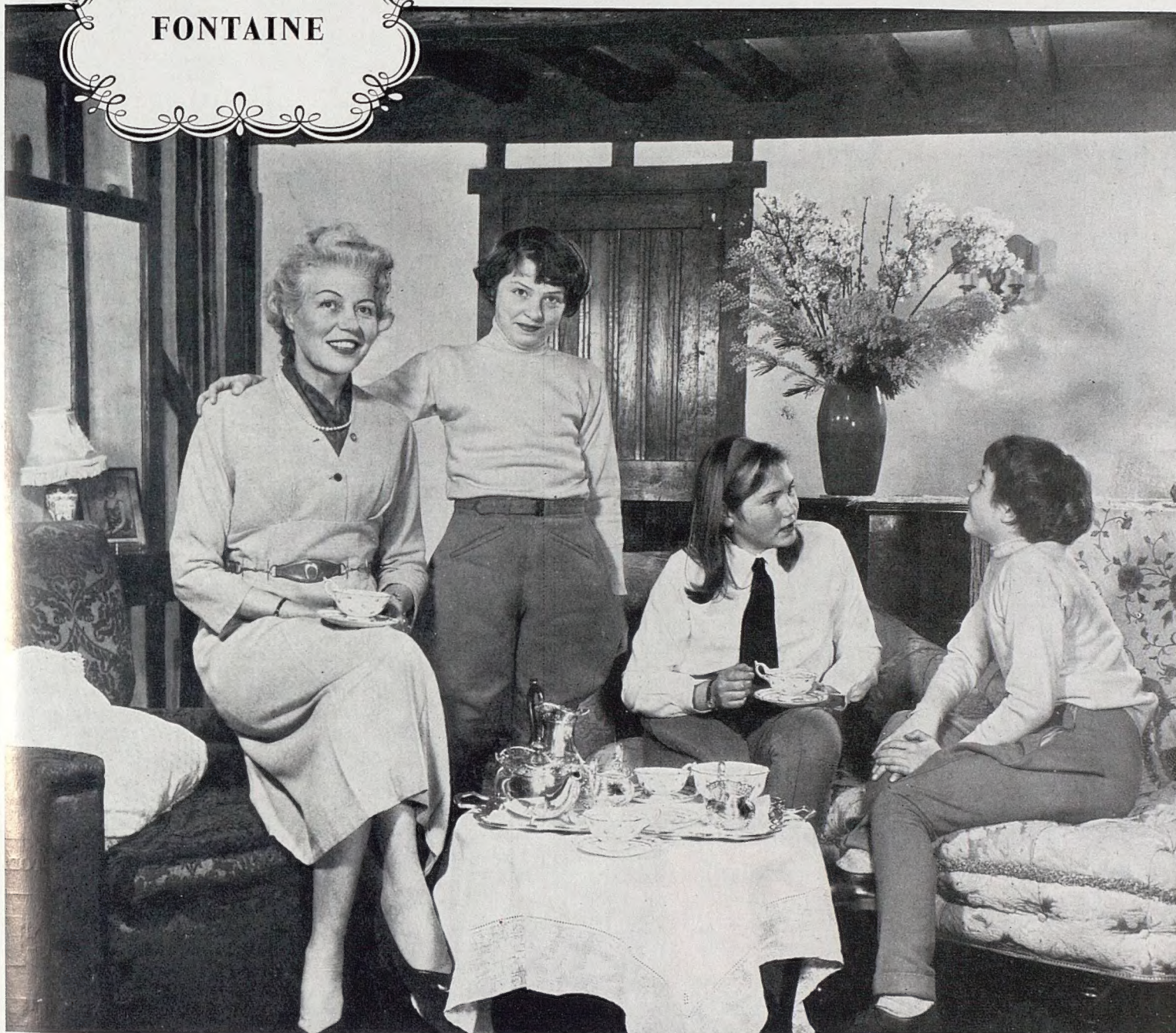
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TAKES TEA  
WITH  
MRS. ERIC  
FONTAINE**

Photographer Baron chose the drawing-room for this charming study of Mrs. Eric Fontaine and her three daughters: twelve-year-old Patricia and the ten-year-old twins, Victoria and Miranda. Mrs. Fontaine is the wife of Major Eric Fontaine, and the daughter of the late Sir Alwin Dickinson, K.C.M.G. and Lady Dickinson. Until recently the Fontaines have been living at Torremolinos in Spain, but they have now made their home at Old Surrenden Manor, near Ashford, Kent. The Manor, said to date before the Conquest, is one of the loveliest and oldest residences of its kind in England



**MRS. FONTAINE:** Here we are, Mr. Baron—Patricia, the twins and myself. Have a cup of tea and tell us what we are to do. Are the jodhpurs in order?

**BARON:** Absolutely perfect. The riding kit is just what I want . . . I had in mind an informal group with plenty of atmosphere. After all, *The Manor* is really quite unique, isn't it?

**MRS. FONTAINE:** Indeed, it is. Built before the Conquest, you know . . . it's practically a Domesday Book in itself. You will have a cup of tea?

**BARON:** Thank you, yes . . . and from that lovely tea service! I've been admiring it . . . not quite so time-honoured as *The Manor*, perhaps . . . but quite superb. Queen Anne isn't it? And your own special blend of tea, too, I'd risk a bet.

**MRS. FONTAINE:** Well, I'll let you in on our secret. The service is Queen Anne, and we do think our tea is pretty good. But I don't have it made up specially. In fact, it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I simply order it from the grocer at Bethersden with everything else. Always fresh that way, and much the easiest. Weak or strong?





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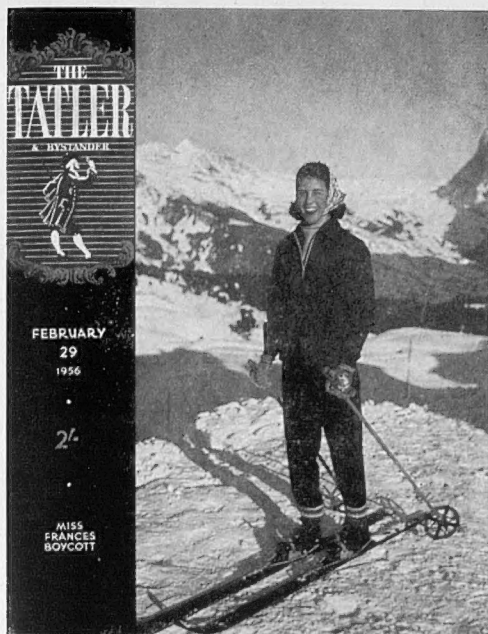
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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 29th to March 7th



MISS FRANCES JANE BOYCOTT, whose photograph appears on the cover of The TATLER this week, is the fourteen-year-old daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. P. H. Boycott and lives at Fontainebleau, France, where her father is on the staff of Marshal Juin, C.-in-C. Allied Forces, Central Europe. After 18 months at the Lycée des Jeunes Filles, she is now at the International School recently established in Fontainebleau. She is a keen skier and this photograph was taken at Kleine Scheidegg in the Bernese Oberland, where many people go out for spring skiing.

**Feb. 29th (Wed.)** Princess Alexandra will open the new out-patient and casualty department at Watford Peace Memorial Hospital

Mrs. Brinsley Ford's cocktail dance for her daughter Marianne at 14, Wyndham Place, W.1.

Racing at Ludlow and Windsor (2 days)

**March 1st (Thur.)** Prince Philip will sail from Portsmouth in H.M.Y. Britannia to take part in the Combined Fleet Exercises based on Gibraltar. He will return by air on Saturday, March 17

The Duchess of Kent, Colonel-in-Chief of the Dorset Regiment, will inspect the 1st Bn. at Bulford

The "Horse and Hound" Ball at Grosvenor House

Contemporary Art Society Exhibition "The Seasons" at the Tate Gallery

Leicestershire Yeomanry and Household Brigade Saddle Club point-to-point at Whissendine

Annual Mannequin Parade, Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, organized by the British Legion, Scotland.

**March 2nd (Fri.)** Anglo-Texan Societies' Dinner at The House of Commons

Racing at Manchester and Newbury (2 days)

**March 3rd. (Sat.)** The Duke of Gloucester attends the Navy v. Army Rugby match at Twickenham

Point-to-points: Beaufort, at Didmarton

Cheshire Forest, at Littleton near Chester

Newmarket and Thurlow, at Moulton nr. Newmarket

East Cornwall, at St. Ives

Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire, at Houston

South Durham, at Sedgefield

Sparkford Vale Harriers, at Babcarly

Racing at Kelso and Worcester

**March 4th (Sun.)**

**March 5th (Mon.)** Racing at Worcester and Wye

**March 6th (Tues.)** R.A.C. International Rally starts at Blackpool (to 11th)

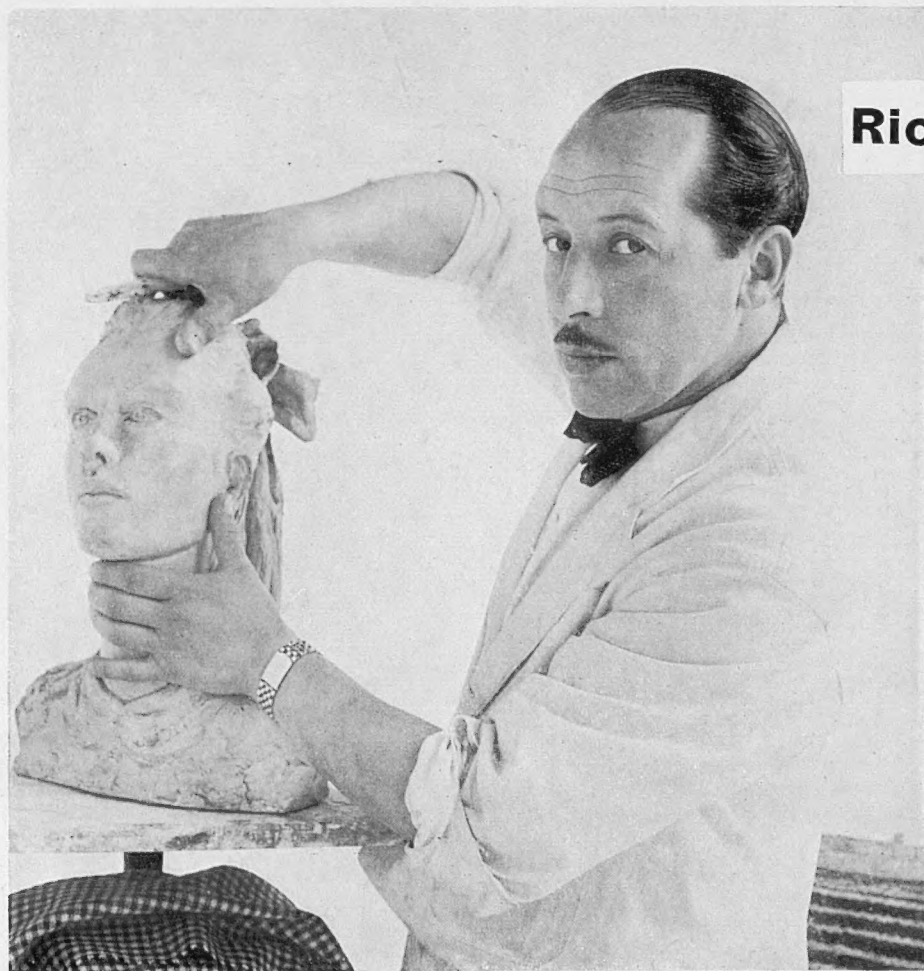
Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia (to 31st)

Racing at Cheltenham (3 days)

**March 7th (Wed.)**

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Photograph by Peter Clark

*Chu Chin Chow*

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Armstrong Jones

### “A bride to breathe warmth, on winter’s chill brow”

This delightful picture is of Miss Elizabeth Messel, before her wedding at St. Mark’s, North Audley Street, to Mr. Ian Berkeley Church, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Church, of Gayton Manor, Northants. The bride is the daughter of Col. Linley Messel and

Mrs. Thomas Renshaw and niece of Mr. Oliver Messel, the artist. A reception was held at the London home in Lancaster Gate of her grandmother, Mrs. Leonard Messel, who had had the house being decorated with flowers from her gardens at Nymans, Sussex



## THE HON. VICTORIA WARRENDER

LORD and Lady Bruntisfield's youngest child will be four in March. She has three half-brothers and a brother, the Hon. Anthony Warrender, who is two years older than herself. Her mother, who married Lord Bruntisfield in 1948, is the daughter of Dr. Kolin, of St. Jacob, Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Her father, formerly Sir Victor Warrender, the eighth baronet, was raised to the peerage in 1942. The family live in Ireland at Sheen Falls, Kenmare, Co. Kerry, and in London at beautiful Chester House, Upper Belgrave Street



Eric Coop

## *Social Journal*

## *Jennifer*

### NIGHT OF ROSES AT MONTE CARLO

I FLEW from Zurich to Nice by Swissair in brilliant sunshine. As we were not flying at a great height one was able to see the miles of snow covered mountains—their beauty from above was indescribable and something I shall never forget. The Riviera, like most parts of Europe, has suffered from the record cold spells this winter, but there has nearly always been sunshine during part of each day on this beautiful coast. There were a number of visitors in both Monte Carlo and Cannes, the two favourite resorts in the winter season, and Nice appeared very busy as I motored through.

Monte Carlo, capital of the unique and enchanting little principality of Monaco, was full of life—the topic of conversation was often the forthcoming marriage of their Prince Rainier to Grace Kelly, the beautiful American film star, which is now fixed to take place in Monaco on April 18th and 19th. During my brief stay I went round the Royal Palace, which is fascinating, and just as one would like it to be in this fairytale principality.

I arrived just after the big monthly gala at the Sporting Club. This was the Bal de la Rose, and from friends who were present I heard it was a most glamorous event, reminiscent of Edwardian days, when social

life in Monte Carlo was at its height. Every available place was filled and every ticket had been sold out a week before the ball. M. André Levasseur created the décor, which was exquisite. The walls and the whole of the magnificent Sporting Club were decorated with thousands of fresh roses of every known variety mounted on yards and yards of sea blue tulle. The scent of these lovely flowers filled the rooms, and tall candles in big chandeliers gave a soft and becoming light.

THE women wore their very best ball dresses and magnificent jewels. Not only was there a super cabaret, including a ballet, but during the latter part of dinner 103 violins in two rows slowly walked down the vast restaurant among the tables playing Viennese waltzes, which brought back nostalgic memories of the gayest days in Monte Carlo to many of the older guests present. As they advanced down the room that great singer Elfie Mayerhofer, who had flown over from Vienna where she is a member of the Vienna Opera Company, sang the waltz tunes to the accompaniment of the violins.

Among others I heard of at this truly memor-

able gala were ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia and his wife, who wore a cerise dress and no jewellery. They were in a party with Sir Melville and Lady Ward, whose other guests included the Comtesse de Dregtreva and the Marquis de Sanges. Mme. Onassis, I heard, looked lovely in the palest rose pink dress and a magnificent sunray diamond necklace in a party of four with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Jacks. The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who has a villa in Monte Carlo, was in M. and Mme. Judovici's party, whose other guests included Baron Lemmerman and Gen. and Mrs. Polovtsoff. The latter, who lives in Monte Carlo, is a clever portrait painter and recently had a London exhibition.

M. PIERRE REY, President of the S.B.M., and Mme. Rey, had a big party, and others at the Gala included Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, who motored over from their lovely villa near Cannes, Comte and Comtesse de Clery, Brigadier and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower who came with Lord and Lady St. Oswald, their host and hostess on board their yacht at Cannes, Princess Andre Aga Khan, Mrs. Florence Gould, and the Hon. Langton Iliffe and his beautiful French born



wife who were staying at Lord Iliffe's villa at Roc Brune, where I heard Lord Iliffe was expected at the end of this month to recuperate from his recent operation.

Capt. and Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon who were staying at the Metropole Hotel, were present, also Mr. and Mrs. Brian Neal who were spending the weekend with the Maharane of Baroda, who wore an exquisite sari and magnificent jewels, and Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe and his American wife who had come over from Austria. The Hohenlohes gave a most amusing and successful party a few nights later for about twenty friends up at the Vista Aria, just above Monte Carlo, where you can dance as well as dine.

MUCH of the organisation of this sparkling gala was the work of Mons. J. Broc, who runs the superbly comfortable Hotel de Paris so efficiently. Staying here this spring were Sir Brograve and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Mr. and Mrs. Tritton, who come out each winter from their home in Kent, Lady Marion Bateman, Lady Michelham, Signor and Signora Misserole from Milan, M. and Mme. Jacques Salzmanovitz from Geneva, Mr. and Mrs. Van Hale from the U.S., and Capt. and Mrs. Granville Soames. The day I arrived the Soames's had Sir Winston Churchill to lunch with them at the Paris. Our beloved former Prime Minister, who was in great form, had come in from the Villa la Pauna, where he had been staying for some weeks with his host Mr. Reves. Sir Winston's youngest daughter Mary is of course married to Capt Soames's son Christopher.

Quite a number of English visitors have been staying at the Metropole Hotel, where I saw Lord Sackville, among them Sir Robert and Lady Ropner Major-Gen. Sir Alfred and Lady Knox, Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson who left a few days before I arrived, Lady Smiley, Major Archie and the Hon. Mrs. Scott, the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, Sir Derrick Gunston's two sisters the Misses Gunston, Sir Colin and Lady Barber, who came out from their home in Yorkshire, and Sir Francis and Lady Winnington —

In the Casino one evening I met Prince Alvara Orleans-Bourbon and his lovely Italian wife, who looked as always extremely chic, this time in black. They had been spending a few days with friends in Cap Ferrat and were returning to their home in Rome before



GEVA CHARLOTTE CAROLINE with her parents, Captain the Hon. Derek Winn, was christened recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Her father is the younger son of Lord St. Oswald

going up with a family party to St. Moritz.

I lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver at the charming villa they bought last year at Cap d'Ail. This is in a glorious position with a private bathing stage below. Mrs. Cleaver has furnished it beautifully with lovely things they have had sent out from England, and they have been enjoying a succession of friends to stay including Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston who came out from Bembridge for a couple of weeks, and Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne who came out the second week in February from their lovely Wiltshire home, while Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton were expected to stay at the end of this month.

FROM Monte Carlo I went on for an equally brief visit in Cannes, which was also enjoying a good winter season although at the time I was there it was colder than is usual in this part of the world. As at Monte Carlo there is always plenty to do in bad weather at Cannes. There are concerts, a good theatre, and ballet as well as the Casino, which is open by day as well as by night. The Marquis de Cuevas's Ballet is having a season here up to March 11th. Every Monday and Thursday there are "Les Grands Diners de Cannes" at

Les Ambassadeurs, with a very special dinner in a delightful setting for the very reasonable price of 1500 francs. Then there are the big galas; perhaps the most glamorous of these this season would be the "Gala des Orchids", which was arranged for February 25th. For the energetic visitor there is excellent golf both at Mandelieu and Mougins—I went up to the latter where I found Col. Carlton the secretary having a busy time.

LUNCHING there that day and playing golf either before or after lunch I met Lord Whitburgh and Mr. J. Gedge who were spending some weeks out at Cannes—Lord Whitburgh told me they were staying at the Mont Fleuri Hotel which M. Andre has recently bought, completely modernised and refurnished, he said, extremely comfortably.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby were lunching in a big party with Major and Mrs. Douglas Forster and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Marsh. The latter couple were spending a holiday at the Aly Khan's villa near Cannes. Brigadier and Mrs. Wyatt were at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rush. They were all staying at the Majestic Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. H. Miller, who had come out from Scotland, were off to play a round after lunch, and I met Mrs. Sidney Loder with Col. Giles Loder who happily was making a good recovery from the trouble he has had in his leg.

The Duke of Norfolk with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, Mr. Jeremy Tree and Mr. Jack Clayton, had been playing up here the previous week, but had now left, while others who have been enjoying this lovely course at Mougins are Mr. and Mrs. Claud Serocold, Mr. Christopher Lever, the French lady champion Mlle. Odile Semelaigne, Sardar Malik, whom I sometimes see playing golf at Le Touquet in the summer, Mons. H. de Lamaze the French amateur champion and his wife, Mrs. Buchanan, who recently won the Carlton Hotel cup on this course, that popular Canadian Mr. Bob Howard from Montreal, Col. Eddie Boyd and that fine golfer Mr. Charlie Mills, who with his good-looking and amusing wife was staying with Miss Gypsy Lawrence at Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman's Villa Les Tourelles at La Garoupe, where on the second day of their visit they were snowbound with over two feet of snow!

Miss Lawrence, whom I met later that day



Desmond O'Neill

#### THE NATIONAL SOCIETY'S ART EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES

Andrew Dodwell and Miss Gillian Dodwell had come to see the still life painting by their father, Mr. S. W. C. Dodwell

Mr. Stanley Grimm, President of the National Society, with Mrs. Antony Gibbons Grinling, wife of the sculptor

Miss Margaret Niven and Mr. Bernard Adams the artist. Nearly 500 works were on show, by more than 220 exhibitors





## THE SKIERS OF BADGASTEIN

AN excellent entry and spectacular racing characterised the ninth Army Ski Association Championships, which extended over three days at Badgastein, Austria. Many famous regiments were represented on the slopes. Above, Major P. J. Holland, 16/5th Lancers, who lost a ski towards the end of the downhill race, turned his remaining one into a sled and passed the winning post in style

*Lt. John Oakes, Irish Guards, talking to Lt. B. M. Bryant-Benitz, of the Scots Guards*

*Lt.-Col. R. B. Redhead, secretary of the A.S.A., who was race chief, with Mrs. Redhead*



*Miss S. Colville, Lt. A. W. Dennis, Lt. M. Lowsley-Williams and 2nd Lt. C. F. Pertwee*



*Major-General S. W. Joslin, C.B., D.S.O., was the very genial and efficient referee of the racing*

## Continuing Social Journal

### On holiday at Cannes

in Cannes, has just bought Villa Notre Dame de Vie at Mougins from Mr. Loel Guinness and hopes to move in about April.

DURING my stay I met that unique and beloved personality M. Andre, who works as hard at Cannes in the winter as he does at Deauville in the summer, supervising the smooth running of the Casino and the hotels he owns. Sir Simon and Lady Marks were enjoying a short holiday here as were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones and her daughter Jill, Sir John and Lady Keeling, and Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who had been down rather early. Capt. and Mrs. Dennis Larking were at their villa Rosemary, at Juan les Pins, for the winter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler went down to their villa Le Reve, at Eze, in the middle of this month, and I met Sir Noel Charles who came over from St. Tropez and took me to see the charming villa he has just bought at Chateau Neuf de Grasse. I flew back from Nice in one of B.E.A.'s Elizabethans, a splendid flight of just under three hours.

★ ★ ★

VISCOUNTESS Kilmuir opened an exhibition of paintings by Miss Isabella Bromley-Davenport at Parsons Galleries in Grosvenor Street. It was an interesting show and the paintings, which were generally admired, sold well. A proportion of the proceeds go to that wonderful cause the Guide Dogs for the Blind. Among those who came to see this artist's work that day were Lord and Lady Barnby, who left for America in the Queen Elizabeth a few days later, Lady Quilter, Lady Valentine (representing the Guide Dogs for the Blind), Sir Shirley and Lady Worthington-Evans, authoress Marguerite Steen, Col. Walter Bromley-Davenport, M.P. for Knutsford, and Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, and Mr. "Laddie" Lucas, M.P. for Brentford and Chiswick, with his wife. Mr. Lucas was among several former international golfers present, including Mr. John Langley and Mr. D. H. R. Martin, who were both there with their wives.

★ ★ ★

THE Countess of Harewood is president, the Countess of Birkenhead vice-president and the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry chairman of a committee organising the film première of *Magic Fire* (the life of Wagner) being given at the Gaumont Theatre, Haymarket on April 19th. This is in aid of the Family Welfare Association and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has kindly promised to be present. Tickets for the première may be had from the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry, Family Welfare Association, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

THE EDITOR REGRETS that owing to printing difficulties over which he has no control this issue of The TATLER may arrive late in certain areas, and the number of pages may have to be curtailed.

He asks respectfully for the tolerance of his readers and assures them that he and his staff are doing all in their power to keep faith. It is hoped to resume normal publication as soon as possible.





Betty Swaeb

## A DEBUTANTE TO STUDY HISTORY

**M**iss Catherine Buckley, second daughter of the Hon. Denys and Mrs. Buckley, is a granddaughter of the first Lord Wrenbury. This tall, fair and graceful debutante will be presented to the Queen in March, and has a dance later on. She is deeply interested in history, and will go to Cambridge in October to study it. Her other interests include child welfare, the theatre, and the reading of biographies



# Out of Season

*SPIKE HUGHES, discriminating composer and appreciator of music, writes here of the pleasures awaiting the off-season visitor to a famous tourist objective. The experiences he describes occurred during the collection of material for a book Great Opera Houses, to be published in June*

IT WASN'T a holiday that took my wife and me to Italy in the depths of winter, though we could never get our friends to believe it when they came to see us off at Victoria in a blizzard which matched the below-zero temperatures of everywhere else in Europe. Perhaps it was going by train that looked so suspicious; nobody went on Business in these days by train. The genuine Business Man went everywhere by air. Flying to me is not travelling; it is a form of propulsion, and I like travelling.

Perhaps even more suspicious than travelling by train, however, was the nature of the places we were going to—Venice, Florence, Naples, Genoa, Rome, Sicily. Holiday Resorts, every one of them; and no doubt the other places we were going to, like Milan and Turin and Parma, could be rated as Resorts too—at least by comparison with, say, Birmingham or East Croydon where we were leaving the rest of the English nation to spend their miserable, underprivileged winter.

Nevertheless, the first and only purpose of our journey was Business and if at the end of about 3000 miles of journeying we had come to the conclusion that it might be an idea to take a holiday some day at just such an unprepossessingly out-of-season period as the one in which the claims of Business took us across Europe, then it was purely co-incidental and obviously something we could have learned in no other way. In any case, there can never be any question of taking such a holiday "instead" of one at a more conventional time; only "in addition to."

THE advantages of travelling out of season are, as we learned, immense, innumerable, and most rewardingly unexpected. But the greatest of them is that for the first time in one's experience of the places one visits there is time to stand around and take things easily. I know most of us boast that we spend our summer holidays lying around in the sun and doing nothing; but it is not until you go to Venice, for instance, in mid-winter that you begin to understand the meaning of leisure. It is not so much a matter of being able to take your time over things, as to enjoy the rare experience of having the Venetians take time over you and offer you something denied to the ordinary summer traveller.

And not only the Venetians. From the moment you start thinking about your journey people seem to have time for you. You get your sleepers without trouble; and while the hot water runs ice-cold in the British Railways lavatory, the cross-Channel boat is pleasantly uncrowded; and the Customs on both sides of the Channel are polite if rather puzzled that even the mad English should set off at such a time of year with seven pieces of luggage. The act of travelling with so many suitcases seemed to astonish the English Customs so much that we thought it best to explain that what might appear to them to be an eccentric and perversely-out-of-season jaunt (and of course they naturally thought we were going on holiday—you always fly on Business) was in fact an excursion to visit twenty foreign opera houses to write a book about them, and that so far from being out of season there was for our purpose no time like the present for being more thoroughly In Season.

The seven pieces of luggage were easily explained. The Italians, while they may be Europe's youngest republic, have not yet confused democracy with dowdiness; when they go to the opera they look like it—expensive, elegant and lavishly decorated with furs and jewellery.



There may be no royal family in Italy, but there is a royal box in every opera house; unlike England, where we have a Royal Family but have to fit up a temporary Royal Box for them at Covent Garden, while it takes a gala performance to get the rest of the audience to dress at all. Except for the absence of tiaras, modern Italian women dress for the opera as London women did before World War Two—perhaps even better, for Italian women have an immense natural chic and move with arresting ease and grace.

But the charm of out-of-season Italy is not just for the musical, though every visitor to the country should make a point of going at least once to the opera, for he cannot claim to know Italy or the Italians until he does and the best, and indeed only, time to do this is in the winter.

We had heard many depressing things about Italy in the winter—the lack of heating in the hotels, the rain, the fog, the avalanches; and, of course, the wolves coming into the cities from the hills. There were certainly wolves of a kind, but bipedal and city bred, whose mating cry is a high-pitched whistle uttered at night by the male (in pitch black sun-glasses) to attract the attention of the female (also in pitch black sun-glasses).

I THINK this almost universal Italian habit of the young of both sexes wearing dark glasses at night must have its origin in the remote anthropological past of the country and have something to do with the undying popularity of masks among the Italians. At any rate, there can be no other explanation of what must be a rather exasperating pastime, for there can be little immediate reward in

a situation which demands that neither whistler nor whistlee can see what the other looks like.

But while we were prepared for the climatic worst in Italy and for one or two obvious seasonal modifications, we were totally unprepared for the excitement of arriving in Venice on a fine winter's day, for to do so is to walk straight into a Canaletto picture. Perhaps, when you have looked at the pale blues and greens of this Venetian painter's scenes you have presumed that those are the colours as he saw them; certainly in your experience of Venice in spring or summer the sky was never so wan, the water so thinly green as that. But visit Venice in the winter and you will see at once what Canaletto had in mind—and at what time of year he went out painting.

Nature herself, however, at times produces the most beautiful picture of Venice of all: Venice in the snow. This is a quite breathtaking experience, the snow picking out the ironwork of balconies and garden





Drawings by Owen Ward

gates and the carved fripperies of the Gothic palaces in a fantastic filigree, the black gondolas moored in Stygian backwaters turning into white swans overnight under a six inch fall. On such occasions most of Venice appears to pack up for the day and make the most of the scanty daylight by staging a large scale snowball battle in the Piazza, one half of the population defending the basilica end, the other the Post Office end.

The chance to take time off is a characteristic of out-of-season life enjoyed by native and visitor alike; equally, from the visitor's point of view one of the most rewarding experiences of out-of-season travelling is the unusual prospect of an Italian population leading a normal, day to day life—a life which is cheaper, unhurried, preoccupied and unselfconsciously (or shall we say disinterestedly?) hospitable.

CERTAINLY one or two things may present an unfamiliar aspect—like the campanile, for instance, looking like a Burmese beehive, with the top of it apparently in splints but in reality wrapped in scaffolding and basketwork hoardings to keep the cold wind from the masons working on it; and Florian's café closed for redecoration. Florian's, however, is not one of the places one misses in a Venetian winter, for it is the other side of the Piazza that catches what little sun there is—which is warm enough to sit out in (wearing your furs and overcoats) and enjoy while you drink a fairly leisurely Campari before lunch.

Because life is unhurried there is plenty of opportunity to discover places to come back to another time, or to revisit places you know from previous in-season visits. Either way you will be doing yourself some good. If you return in the winter to the little restaurant or café you knew in the summer you at once cease to be a tourist or mere "holidaymaker"; you become a customer, a *cliente* who has bothered to pay the proprietor the compliment of remembering him, and from that moment you are a cut above the mere fine weather clientèle.

Equally, if you return in the summer to the places you first knew in the winter you have an obvious advantage over those who have not been there out of season, for then you are recognised as a loyal and discerning customer.

The advantages of out-of-season reconnaissance are endless, of course, for it is only then that you can study a hotel, restaurant or café in its basic state: as it serves the natives. It is a golden rule in Italy to patronise those places most popular with the local inhabitants; you cannot "spoil" a place by catering for foreigners if the foreigners can

barely get in for the crowd. So it is that we have made up our mind exactly where we shall stay next time we go to Venice in season—a crowded little restaurant on the "other side" of the Grand Canal, with rooms over it, admirable *en pension* terms, a shady garden nicely removed from the main mosquito belt, and the best fed cat in all Venice. And a well fed cat, it must be remembered, is as good an advertisement for a restaurant as the satisfied looks of a hundred customers.

ALTHOUGH Italy does not take kindly to cold weather, the out-of-season traveller need not be too apprehensive of the traditional stories of unheated misery. Even in the small but fascinating town of Parma the quaintly named Jolly Hotel (one of a new chain of post-war hotels now found all over the peninsula) is typical of the comfort and warmth encountered in all but the most primitive hilltop villages these days—and Count Marzotto, the textile manufacturer who started the Jolly Hotels, has begun to cope with *them* too. Parma, incidentally, is a gastronomic "must" for all who take pleasure in eating and drinking; it is worth a visit at any time, but particularly in late September where the annual Food Fair is held.

Venice, while no means blasé about its snow, is nevertheless well equipped to deal with the rigours of winter, and the weather does not interfere in any way with the city's obvious ability to be pleasantly relaxed, with time to go to its magically beautiful opera house and primp up its buildings.

In the ordinary way—that is, when it is working its hardest at being a Resort and a setting for the greatest contradiction in terms publicity has yet evolved: the mink bikini—Venice is a frantically busy town, full of activity which is no less intense for being carried on in surroundings with the most exquisitely unhurried transport system in the world.

Out of season, however, you get the feeling of seeing the Queen of the Adriatic with her hair down, her crown lying on the dressing table, while she gets on with her housekeeping; and she loses none of her regal splendour or natural beauty in the process.

Nevertheless, however much the summer visitor may feel a stranger in Venice out of season, one feature of Venetian life will always make him feel at home, for it flourishes without regard to time or temperature. The touts in the Piazza, whose furtive and highly suspect manner makes you think they must be going to sell you filthy postcards or even a shot of marijuana, still only want you to take a trip to a glass factory.





## THE BICESTER HUNT BALL

**D**ESPITE having to make their way through some of the worst weather of the winter, no fewer than 400 guests and followers of the Bicester and Warden Hill attended the hunt ball at Kirtlington Park, Oxon. They enjoyed a warm welcome and a delightful evening



*Miss Angela Cole and Mr. Robin Sabin, who hunts with the Warwickshire, sitting out by a log fire*



*Mr. Alan Budgett, joint-Master, and Mrs. Budgett, host and hostess, with Lady Peyton, and Mr. K. Lindsey*

*Mr. Richard Dill and Miss Diana Grant chatting in the candlelit champagne bar. Dancing went on until 3.30 a.m.*



*Dr. C. L. Johnson, Mrs. Lyulph Abel Smith, Mr. W. L. Pilkington, Mrs. H. Hall and Mrs. Pilkington*



*Mr. E. W. Weatherby taking refreshment in the library with Mrs. Dick Vigors and Mrs. M. Stratton*



*Mrs. David Raikes, W/Cdr. Tony Staveley, of the Old Surrey and Burstow, and Mr. Norman Arthur*

Van Hallan





Miss Mary Morton with her fiancée Lt. Cdr. Peter Seed, Royal Australian Navy. The ball was at Claridge's



Miss Iris and Miss Ann David were listening with great amusement to a story told by Mr. George Mackay

## MAYFAIR HEARD GRAMPIAN PEAL

**T**wo pipers and a drummer of the Scots Guards played for the reels danced at the Highland Ball, which was attended by a company of nearly 350. It continued until the early hours, when the party broke up to the heartfelt strains of "Auld Lang Syne"

Mr. Duncan Macleod and Miss Joanna Bibby sitting out together



Lord Carnegie and Miss Ann Terry were resting after a dancing session



Miss Mary Smith and her brother Mr. John Smith in one of the bars



Miss Fiona Parker had come with her father Mr. Douglas Parker



Sir Colin and Lady Anderson watching the dancing from the band rostrum

Van Hallan





"Mmmm—smells good dear. Who is it?"

## Roundabout

**Paul Holt**

**D**R. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., was eighty the other day and many of the most distinguished men in Britain have combined to do him honour.

"In his care for all things liberal and humane, and in his love of the countryside with its beauties and memories of other times which he has done so much to preserve, he embodies some of the profoundest things in the English tradition," they write.

It is for this reason, and not only for his superb scholarship, that he is revered by his contemporaries.

Dr. Trevelyan, while he was Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, himself gave his opinion of his own role upon the stage of life.

"History is poetry" he said.

Poetry? Henry Ford, a considerable man of our time, had another view. He said history is the bunk.

And history is melodrama, often more absurd than any playwright's dream. History is the ambition of unscrupulous men, the clash of factions; history is slyness and intrigue and also the pathetic inability of intelligent men to understand each other. History is an endless family feud and also a means to make seem noble the moneygrubbing of nabobs and slave traders.

But poetry? Poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity. If Dr. Trevelyan sees it that way, then he is more of a saint than a historian and should be honoured as such.

★ ★ ★

**W**HEN Mr. John Lawrie Brown answered a summons at Dronfield, Yorkshire, for not having "a warning instrument" fixed to his truck, he startled the magistrates by giving a

powerful imitation of an electric horn. The noise nearly broke the windows.

"I've been able to do it since I was a boy," he said modestly.

The magistrates regained their poise by fining Mr. Brown 10s. The real sufferer, of course, is Mrs. Brown.

**H**E used to do it when they were courting. "Never got used to it," she said plaintively. "Used to sit on the pillion of his motorcycle and he'd do his imitation. It nearly frightened me off the back. I thought that as he grew middle-aged he wouldn't do this sort of thing—but he has."

Mrs. Brown is relieved that their children do not take after dad, but she sighed "There's a grandson, though. We've done everything we can to stop him, but his imitation of an electric horn shows promise of being worse than his grandfather's."



The only consolation, a poor one, I can offer to Mrs. Brown is that such a talent often misses a generation.

★ ★ ★

**A** SCROLL discovered in a rock cave by the Dead Sea, where the Essene tribe of the Jews lived, describes Sarah, the wife of Abraham, as passing fair. Her beauty is given inch by inch from top to toe in language so frankly enthusiastic that it would be unsuitable for this newspaper.

Now in London is General Yidal Yadin, who is here to give a lecture tour on the subject of the scrolls and Sarah.

He says cautiously, "Beauty is a matter of taste". But since some of the most famous beauties of the world, Sheba, Cleopatra and Dido lived in Syria, the Nile's upper reaches, and in Carthage, they were certainly coffee-coloured, if no darker (I would put the betting on Helen being a blonde at 25 to 1 against). I don't think it matters at all.

The memory of Sarah's beauty surviving so many centuries makes her quite a girl.

★ ★ ★

**D**o you drink soup, suck soup, sip soup?

It seems to be a question of the shape of the spoon.

If it is round you suck it; if oblong you sip it. But the whole secret seems to be in the action of the elbow. If the spoon is held sideways, to prevent the elbow travelling outwards around the ear (says a woman commentator) and given two or three little delicate little tilts, the soup flows in gently and noiselessly.

Now, what nonsense is this? Soup should be drunk hot or not at all. Three delicate little tilts makes it cold and might place the spoonful just as easily down your breastplate as in your mouth.

I would like to have soup in a bowl to pick up with both hands, to drink and then bring in the spoon, round or oval, at the end to collect what is left with the croutons that lie neglected below.

★ ★ ★

**R**OGER Hague, aged seven, was taken by his mother to see the Bramham Moor Hunt go by. It was snowing and they couldn't see much of the hounds or huntsmen, but the eyes of a seven-year-old are sharp and the boy saw an old dog fox with a big tail.

The fox paused, looked this way and that, and then with a certain amount of relish in his gait followed the hunt.

"Mummy" exclaimed Roger "Shouldn't the fox be in front of the hunt?"

The old dog fox loped peacefully after the pack.

Said the Master, Mr. Kenneth W. Parkinson, "We didn't have a very good day. Didn't know anything about this, but two small boys did shout something at me when we got back to the village."

They always did say foxes enjoyed hunting.



**LINNIT AND DUNFEE** are names inseparably linked in the minds of theatregoers. They have in the last twenty years presented a large number of successes in the West End, while several of our best known stars owe their initial distinction to them. They were associated in the presentation of all the Robertson-Hare-Alfred Drayton farces, their first joint production being Vernon Sylvaine's *Aren't Men Beasts* in 1936. In the same year they were jointly responsible for that resounding success *French Without Tears*, which placed playwright Terence Rattigan and stars Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond squarely on the path to fame. Recently they have accounted for such successes as Peter Ustinov's *The Love of Four Colonels* and the enchanting *Salad Days*. S. E. (Bill) Linnit, who began his career with Edgar Wallace, becoming his general manager, is chairman of the Theatres' National Committee, and has recently been appointed President of the Society of West End Theatre Managers. His chief recreations are sailing and golf. Jack Dunfee was formerly a famous racing motorist in the original Bentley team. He is a keen rider to hounds and has a turkey breeding station in Oxfordshire.



## HAPPY SOJOURNERS IN CHALET-LAND

GSTAAD, in the Bernese Oberland, has been having an exceptionally good season, with many visitors enjoying its unspoiled amenities. On the right are the Princess Toussoun, wife of Prince Said Toussoun, with her five year old son Aziz. They have a flat in Paris and a manor house in Normandy. Extreme right, Mme. Panchaud from Lausanne with her children Phillip and Sally



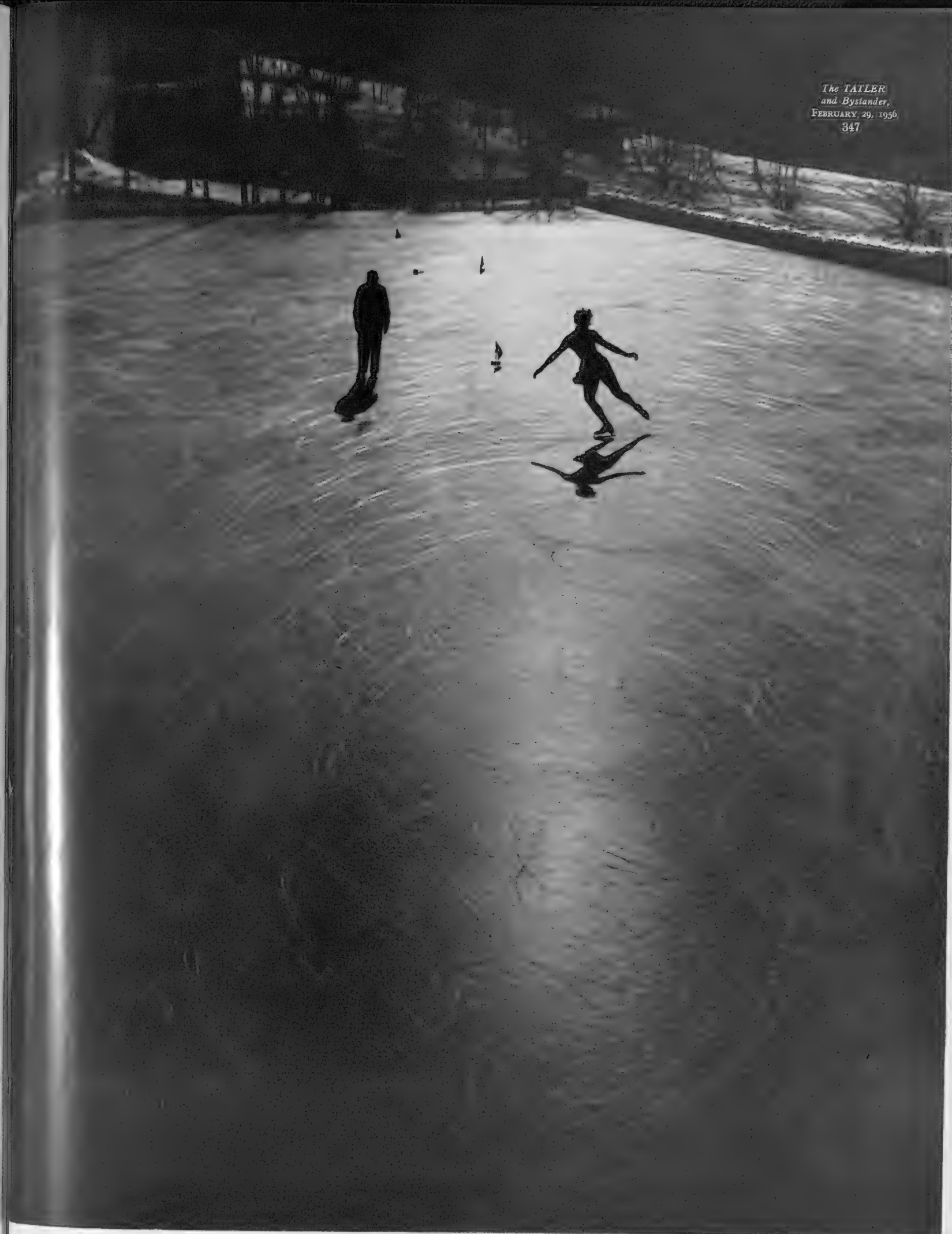
Extreme left, Sir Eric Bowater's daughter, Miss Sarah Bowater, with Mme. Andre Fermenich, formerly Miss Jean Creed, and Mlle. Christiane Martin, in the station square at Gstaad. Left, the Countess de Bendern, whose husband is the nephew of Lord Gerard

Brodrick Haldone



Right, Mlle. Ella Maillart, the authoress-explorer, who is a very proficient skier, with M. Tigrane Matossian. Extreme right, Count John de Bendern with his sixteen-year-old daughter Caroline. The Count is very well known as an international golfer





IN A WORLD OF ICE a skater, with her shadow for company, orbits the pole. This fine picture, taken during Olympic practising at Cortina, conveys vividly the feeling of poised, effortless speed which is the chief pleasure of skating

G. Macdonald



## At the Theatre

## CLEAN-RUN MUSICAL

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood



EMMWOOD

"SUMMER SONG" (Prince's Theatre). A romantic attachment develops melodiously between Karolka (Sally Ann Howes) and Shaun (David Hughes), while Abe (Edric Connor) comes to an understanding with Uncle Marek (Mark Daly). Below, the bringer of harmony, Dvorak (Laurence Naismith)

PERHAPS the chief outward point of difference between *Summer Song* at the Prince's and all the other shows that have been written round the lives of the great composers is that it tries hard and consistently to make a human figure of Anton Dvorak. A first-rate actor has been engaged to do the humanizing. Mr. Laurence Naismith manages the job with a skill and a relish which keep the unconventional hero always at the centre of the picture, and bring him at curtain-fall the lion's share of the applause.

He presents a tubby, bearded middle-aged married father of six, utterly loyal in deed and thought to his Czech family as he wanders zestfully through the New World of the nineties in search of musical themes. He wears his anonymity as easily as he wears his old clothes. He is as ready to turn saloon-bar pianist as to tune any piano that catches his eye. There is nothing of the self-consciously dedicated artist about him. He has a shrewd appreciation of the economic significance of railroads, and he is a dab hand at cut-throat pontoon. He takes a Pickwickian delight in arranging other people's love affairs, but he has none of his own.

A GREAT part of the evening's pleasure lies in watching the deftness with which Mr. Naismith fits this lively figure into the pattern of musical comedy. So deft and so conscientious is he that we could almost swear that the composer was actually playing the piano that he is pretending to play for a saloon bar dance. We could almost swear that he was singing as melodiously as occasionally he pretends to be singing. It may be a pity that an actor of this quality should be in musical comedy at all, but those who think so must admit that Mr. Naismith makes the job seem well worth doing.

What other points of difference are there to be discovered if we look hard enough between this show and others of its kind? For setting we have, as in *Plain And Fancy* at Drury Lane, a remote corner of America where a grasping Irish family are exploiting the Czech lumber men. For story there is the raising of money by a lucky gamble to meet a threatened foreclosure on a poor Czech shopkeeper's land, and his niece's romance with the avaricious landlord's son. Not much originality here, though the primitive simplicities of the lumber men's settlement are treated with a fairly light hand by Mr. Eric Maschwitz and his American collaborator, Mr. Hy Kraft, and the romantic story takes some pleasing turns.

FOR music we have, of course, Dvorak arranged by Mr. Bernard Grun. This is all very fine in its way, but as not uncommonly happens when a Borodin or a Dvorak is pressed into the service of a musical comedy, the rhythms are all too strong for the words to which they are adapted.

Most people will feel, I think, that the real strength of the show lies in its dancing. The hand-clap dance evoking the spirit of Saturday night in a lumber settlement, the dance appropriate to the conventional devilries of a gambling hell, and the dance of the flower-decked maidens at a Czech wedding are all exciting in their different ways, and while there is dancing the show is more rhythmically alive than ever it is when the singers are left to themselves. On the first night the principal dancer, Mr. William Barrett, was indisposed, but the deputies, Mr. Philippe Perrotet and Miss Jurek Czaplá, rose to this opportunity admirably.

Still, the singers have their moments. Miss Sally Ann Howes, as the heroine, sings with power and makes a charming thing of the "Summer Song" number. Mr. David Hughes is a personable hero and puts over the whistling song with immense verve. And a newcomer from America, Miss Bonita Primrose, brings a most attractively droll personality to the girl who has given her heart to a travelling salesman expected to visit Willow Falls once a year. When he comes, however, in the person of Mr. Van Athens, he is a brisk wooer, and the wedding he arranges in a single song furnishes the show with its prettiest scene.

In a recent notice of *Fresh Airs* at the Comedy Theatre, the décor was ascribed to "Mr. William Burgess." It was in fact by Dr. Malcolm Burgess, of Cambridge University.





## MARISA PAVAN

SIGNORINA Marisa Pavan stars with Signorina Anna Magnani and Messrs. Burt Lancaster and Ben Cooper in the hypnotic screen version of Tennessee Williams's play *The Rose Tattoo*, a typically Williamsian mélange of the pretentious, the painful, the pathetic and the obnoxious. Despite her childlike appearance and fragility she is the sole member of the cast with enough authority and dramatic power to survive the devastating impact of her great compatriot's tempestuous personality. She blossoms forth as a remarkable young artist.

Signorina Pavan is twenty-two and the twin sister of—though twenty minutes younger than—Signorina Pier Angeli (Signora Vic Damone). She lives with her mother and a younger sister, Patrizia, in

Beverly Hills, is absorbed in her work and "not at all interested in romance—yet." Her earlier films include *Drum Beat* for Warners, *What Price Glory* for 20th-Century Fox, and M.G.M.'s *Diane*—and she made *The Rose Tattoo* for Paramount. She is clearly reluctant to be tied down and typed.

*The Rose Tattoo* was shot on location in Florida, at Key West, where that lucky Mr. Williams has his winter home. There is every indication in Mr. Williams's work that he detests women: Signorina Pavan, however, found him "charming." She and her co-stars were his guests during the filming. "He taught me to listen and make spaghetti sauce," she says. "He did all the cooking for us. He doesn't talk much—just sits about listening." (And, no doubt, making biting, indelible notes on a mental cuff).

From Signorina Magnani she learned to concentrate: "Her concentration is wonderful—nothing from outside gets through to her when she is acting," says Signorina Pavan, the eager and intelligent student of her art, in profound admiration. This young signorina knows where she's going—to the very top—and is not going to take long about it.



# London—Paris Digest

Photographs by Michel Molinare



THE wind that blows fashion ideas and trends into the heads of designers has retained of late a remarkably consistent direction both in London and Paris, where the Collections showed many points of agreement. Length of dresses was established at 15" from the ground for day, calf length for cocktails and early evenings, and for the *grande soirée* either full length or the "swallowtail" falling from 15" in front to sweep the ground at the back. Waists, though moulded, are never marked, but are definitely higher either at the back or front. Belts vanish from dresses and coats; skirts, very slim and straight by day, are very full for late afternoon



and evening, maintaining the curved emphasis of hips. Jackets are immensely varied—tribute to their usefulness and popularity—and with dresses there is emphasis on the tailored line with touches of white, and the "slim look" from bust to hips. Most of the overcoats are loose, very straight or semi-fitted redingote, but always touched with white organdie or piqué. Their sleeves, threequarters, short or absent! Evening dresses are camisole topped, or low backed strapless. Everywhere one finds an immense enthusiasm for navy blue and white, in hopsack, fine tweeds or alpaca, and again every shade of blue from navy through aquamarine and sapphire to midnight. Pink, and tender rose shades are abundant, too, and you cannot overlook the masses of neutrals—grey, sand and similar, with stabs of yellow, emerald, tangerine and white . . . white . . . and full circle on the colour chart back to white and navy blue!



STILL UNDISPUTED MASTER, the diktat of Christian Dior is clearly seen in the four photographs on these pages. Opposite, left, an inspired jacket, two button, half sleeved, and pencil skirt with new length hem. Centre, a tremendously effective shoulder-collar overcoat, with more than a hint of Japonaiserie. Right, the navy blue and white ensemble carried out with a rhythm

of which Dior remains the supreme exponent. Above is his lightweight woollen two-piece, with the new carved-out V-line and straight skirt. The halo cloche hat is in navy blue and white organdie. In this, as in other of his new season's designs, a nautical tinge may perhaps be descried in the day dresses, a heartening suggestion of fresh breezes, white sails and new worlds to conquer





DIOR

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
FEBRUARY  
29, 1956  
352*



CASTILLO at LANVIN



JEAN DESSES



JACQUES HEIM

## *In Paris the neutrals dominated*

DIOR'S three-piece sleeveless coat slit at the side, over fitted navy wool suit. Also worn with it is a white organza blouse

JEAN DESSES' evening gown of chiffon, with the long line from the back of the shoulders. The colour is pale pink

CASTILLO AT LANVIN'S dark grey silk and wool mixture dress with the straight, square look. The boater is of crinkled red straw

JACQUES HEIM'S day dress is another example of the trend to neutrals. In dark grey, high bustled, with self shoulder bows



JACQUES HEIM

A WHITE PIQUÉ HAT carrying an outsize bobble tops Jacques Heim's dress of cool grey, with a belt swept up from the back, threequarter sleeves, high piqué collar and dark cravat





## REQUEST IN SMOKY-BLUE

THE proposition: a walk in the park. The reactions, "I am eminently carryable": "Do I see my car?": "My mind's eye perceives a hare." But for shopping, motoring or country walks this twin set with a difference—open necked, short sleeved pullover and long sleeved cardigan in smoky-blue by Pringle—is equally ideal. It is obtainable for £8.10s. at Debenham and Freebody, who also have all the accessories: hat, smoky-blue straw and jersey, 50s.6d.; white-stitched calf handbag, 4½ gns; handstitched calf shoes, 59s.6d; handstitched cotton gloves, brown 27s. 6d., neutral 17s.6d.; and pure silk striped scarf, 19s.6d.

## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK









An afternoon frock can be "prettied up" for an evening party with this charming beaded velvet collar. Price £4.4s.. Harrods



A gilt and white compact, engine turned in sun-ray pattern in centre, with marcasite stud motif. Mappin and Webb, £5. 5s. 6d.

## Gentle temptations

*THE* shops are beginning to get ready for spring, when the yearly urge to go out and buy something new will soon be upon us. Here you can see examples of some of the beautiful things which are now being shown —JEAN CLELAND



Lovely against black, these delicate flowers are made of lace. A charming decoration from Harrods, 8s. 9d.



Black fine calf handbag of an unusual shape, with outside fancy pocket. Price £14 from Mappin and Webb

This airy lace butterfly in full flight may also be had from Harrods. 6s. 9d.



Another exquisite posy of lace flowers, of which Harrods are making a special point this season, 7s. 9d.



Silver enamel hand-painted toilet set. Scent spray in English cut glass. £11. Cut glass powder bowl £19 10s. Set consisting of matching mirror, hair brush, clothes brush and comb to match £52.10s. Mappin and Webb



Two exquisitely embroidered organdie blouse fronts which cost £8.8s. and £7.17s.6d. From Harrods. A "must" for your wardrobe

Dennis Smith



Beauty



Jean Cleland

## Method keeps the sparkle going

**W**HENEVER the talk turns on appearance, and making the best of one's looks—as it frequently does when two or more women are gathered together—the plaint I get sick and tired of hearing is “Oh, but I haven't time”. Strangely enough this often comes, not from the busy people, but from those who apparently have the least to do.

Time is elastic. Some people can stretch it, and these pack more into twenty-four hours than others do in a week. The secret lies in the way it is used, and the answer is “method”. Pondering this, I looked the word up in the dictionary, and found it described as “mode of procedure”, “orderly arrangement”, “system”, and when it comes to improving the looks, “system” is the key word.

Many people who write to me, or ask verbally for advice, complain that while they can manage the few minutes daily routine for fundamental skin care—cleansing and nourishing—they fall down on what they call “the extras”. They know that apart from the regular shampoo and set done at the hairdressers, their hair is in need of extra attention. That in addition to the usual manicure, their hands and nails, which are dry and brittle, require extra care. That their feet, which have been giving trouble, want extra treatment. Yet, for want of a “system”, these things get neglected with distressing results.

**K**EEPING up personal appearances is similar to keeping up the look of a house. If—as in the case of a house—you let the whole thing go, the ultimate task of putting it right is formidable. The only hope is to tackle it methodically, and deal with it bit by bit.

To this end—and I am speaking now of the looks—I have worked out a scheme in which I suggest that one of the *extras* is done each day of the week. If the idea appeals to you, it is for *you* to adopt and accept. You will of course, have to rearrange the days to suit your own requirements. The important thing is to set aside some special time to deal regularly with your particular problem. Here is a hypothetical programme.

**Monday. Hair.** If this is in poor condition, one of the best things you can do is to get a reconditioning preparation, and give the scalp some vigorous massage. A few minutes regular brushing and massage each day is the best procedure, but in addition to this you should make a point of giving it a thorough treatment at least once a week. Part the hair all over the head, and apply the tonic or cream, or whatever has been recommended. Work it well in with brisk massage, starting at the base of the head, and moving up to the crown all the way round, making sure that the scalp moves briskly to and fro as you do so. Finish with vigorous brushing, using a spot of brilliantine.

**Tuesday. The Skin.** If it is dry place a towel or face cloth, wrung out in hot water, all over the face to open the pores. When the skin is agreeably warm, massage with a rich skin food, mixed in the palm of the hand with a few drops of muscle oil. Work the mixture in with firm upward movements, and when as much as possible has been absorbed, splash the face with cold water to close the pores again, and then make up as usual. If it is greasy, take a small complexion brush, and making a good lather of medicated soap brush this in briskly until the skin is glowing. Rinse off with cold water. If the pores are enlarged or the colour is drab and in need of enlivening, apply one of the good beauty masks. After cleansing the face, spread the mask on according to directions, leave till dry, then remove it with lukewarm water.

**WEDNESDAY. Hands and Fingernails.** Scrub the hands briskly in warm soapy water. Rinse and rub well with half a lemon, squeezing the juice out as you do so. Rinse again, then massage well with a rich hand cream. If the skin is harsh and dry, choose a cream containing lanoline, as this is both softening and healing. If the skin is discoloured, follow the massage with a mask. This can be the same as that used for the face, and should be applied in the same way. Spare a little time for the finger nails. If they are brittle and inclined to break, soak them in warm olive oil for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. This can easily be done while reading the newspaper or a book.

**Thursday. Feet.** If necessary go to a good chiropodist. In the intervening weeks, soak the feet in warm water to which a little salt has been added. Rub any hard skin away by

gently rotating a fine pumice stone on the balls of the feet. Massage well with a rich skin food, then after wiping off the surplus cream, rinse in cold water. Finish by patting all over with Eau-de-Cologne, and puffing with talcum powder.

**Friday.** If your figure is plumper than you wish, make this a day for reducing. Go on to fluids—fruit juices and clear consommé. If you cannot face this, eat as lightly as possible, keeping to salads, vegetables and fresh fruit. Take a Turkish bath or a wax bath, and if you can spare the time, have some massage.

**SATURDAY. Grooming.** Keep the eyebrows smooth by plucking out hairs on the bridge of the nose, and any others that spoil the clear line of the arch. Examine the face with a magnifying glass, and pluck out any small hairs that may be growing on the chin or at the sides of the mouth. Take a look at the elbows. If these are rough and discoloured, scrub with soapy water, then, after rinsing, rub well with common salt. Rinse again, then massage with a rich skin food.

**Sunday. Relax.** Rest as much as possible. When you are sitting back in a chair let your whole body slump. Let all the muscles go on the loose, no nervous tension anywhere. Set apart a time every day to lie for a space flat on the floor with your feet raised a little higher than your head, and while you are doing it, place pads of cotton wool soaked in a good eye lotion over the closed lids.

You may not—and probably will not—require all these treatments all of the time. What I suggest is that you try *some* of them *some* of the time, varying them according to your needs. And remember that the most important factor of all is *regularity*.



This attractive matching set for the handbag adds charm to the evening ensemble. Gilt engine turned compact, comb and pill box initialled with the finest marcasite. Compact £3.19s., comb £1.15s.6d. Pill box £1.9s.6d. Debenhams and Freebody

## THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Miss Jennifer Helen Tatchell, elder daughter of Mrs. J.W. Eaton, and the late Major G.E. Tatchell, and stepdaughter of Vice Adml. J.W. Eaton, of Bouchiers Lodge, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex, has announced her engagement to Mr. Christopher Walter Kaye, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. L.O. Krailheimer, of Sloane Street, S.W.1.



Miss Jean Hamilton (Sue) Phillips, Tower of Lethendy, Meikleour, Perthshire, daughter of Wing Commander Stephen Phillips, M.C., and of Mrs. Jean Marsden Kaye, is engaged to Captain Colin Campbell Mitchell, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the only son of Mr. C. Mitchell, M.C., and Mrs. Mitchell, of Purley, Surrey



Miss Georgiana FitzGerald, daughter of Col. S. FitzGerald, of Chelsea Square, London, S.W.3., and of Mrs. Arthur Wiggins, of Portland House, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, has become engaged to Mr. Kenneth Pettit, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C.S. Pettit, of Avenue d'Evere, Brussels, Belgium



Miss Veronica Mary Rutledge, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. R.F. Rutledge, of Cloonee, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, Ireland, is to marry Captain Lord Edward Anthony C. FitzRoy, the Coldstream Guards, son of the Duke of Grafton and of the late Lucy Duchess of Grafton, of Euston Hall, Norfolk



Miss Angela Mary Hill-Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Hill-Wood, of Cleveleys, Sherborne St. John, Hampshire, is engaged to marry Mr. Mark Eric Smith, youngest son of the late Captain Eric Smith, and of Mrs. Eric Smith, of Woodside, Barcombe, Leves, Sussex



Miss Caroline Frances Rich, eldest daughter of Cdr. L.St. G. Rich, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Rich, of Woodhall, Ellens Green, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Henry Minshull Stockdale, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Stockdale, of Mears Ashby Hall, Northants



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# Helena Rubinstein

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## Motoring

# DANGERS OF IDLENESS

IN the near future I shall be reporting upon some more test runs. There is one kind of test, however, on which I do not suppose I shall ever have an opportunity of commenting, because it would entail keeping a car for about a year. Yet it is a practical test and one which few cars would pass. It has nothing to do with their speed capabilities, with their acceleration or with their fuel consumption. It has to do with their trustworthiness under conditions of minimum employment.

It is common knowledge that the mechanism of a motor car thrives on regular employment. Other things being equal, the most trustworthy vehicle will be the one which is in daily use and which covers at least 15,000 miles a year. But all vehicles cannot be given this ideal existence. Some motorists only do eight or ten thousand miles a year; some keep more than one car so that their mileage is split up between the different vehicles.

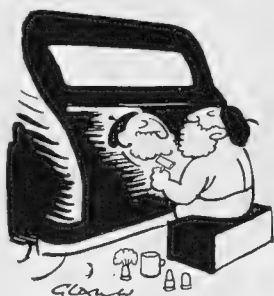
Perhaps now the novel form of test to which I have referred will be understood. It would consist of keeping the car standing in the open for long periods—say a fortnight or a month—and then taking it out at night for a short run with all lights working. My experience is that if this treatment were kept up for a year most cars would begin to cause trouble. There might be starting trouble or fading headlights. The meaning is plain—that the electrical equipment is tailored to regular use and will not cope with irregular use and long standing periods. Many cars would benefit from much larger electrical margins on both the storage and generating sides.

GENERAL satisfaction will be felt at the statement that was made about a fortnight ago on Connaught Grand Prix cars. It will be recalled that soon after the wonderful victory at Syracuse, when the

Connaught became the first completely British car to win a Grand Prix, there were rumours that the company would be unable to continue its racing programme because of limited financial resources. Now it appears that Connaughts will continue to race, although not as a full scale Grand Prix team.

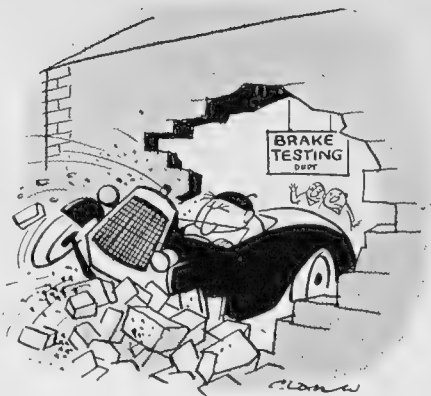
Mr. Rodney Clarke, Connaught's designer, told me that they had every intention of undertaking a racing programme this year and that he thought two cars would be available. Three Continental Grand Prix races were in the programme as well as many British races. The policy to employ only British drivers will be continued.

This is good news, because the Connaughts have repeatedly shown themselves to be in the top flight of Grand Prix vehicles. It has often seemed that a very little more money would have given them a great many more successes. In road holding, especially, these cars have been noteworthy season after season.



TAXATION and its impact upon motoring in general and motor car production in particular will from now on be increasingly in the news. I have followed Hansard with special care in an attempt to detect any signs of future Government action. I have noticed, for example, that when any suggestion is made that taxation relief is desirable in order to boost production, the Government reply has been highly ingenious. It has consisted of references to official motor industry claims and statistics. These, as we well know, point to production records and to export records in every direction. Government spokesmen scarcely need to emphasize that if the industry is doing so well there is no case for reducing taxation.

The other side to the question is concerned with Government economies. Will the Chancellor offer the need for economy as an excuse



for further delaying the programme of road construction? Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, said, when he was discussing this matter the other day, that the newly formed Council for the Reduction of Taxation had urged an increase in State expenditure on three things, and one of these things was roads. Let us also recall that the Conservative Party Conference passed a resolution urging an expanded road programme.

There is much other evidence that the country at large, although anxious about the inordinately high level of Government expenditure is convinced that economies cannot be made by further holding up road construction.

A form of taxation on motoring which could be and ought to be reduced is that concerned with regulation and legislation. When Parliament gaily rushes through another Bill for adding to the controls on motoring it does not always appreciate that by so doing it is inevitably increasing the cost of motoring.

JOB's saying "My desire is... that mine adversary had written a book" becomes even more pertinent if the book happens to be about driving motor cars. I have written such books and speak from personal knowledge. My first reaction therefore, upon receiving a copy of *The Skilful Driver* from the publishers was to admire the courage of the author James S. Blair. Inevitably this work directs attention to the motoring periodical published by the same company, and we have a chapter on making the most out of a road test report. I doubt whether this is strictly within the declared scope of the book. Apart from it, however, I can give almost unconditional approval to the work. And the diagrams, photographs and "decorations by Brockbank" are to be especially commended. A foreword is contributed by Christopher Jennings.

"AUTOMATION" seems to be the word of the moment, although I do not see how it differs from the kind of automatic developments that have been going on in motor-car works for years. Morris Motors, for instance, told us some time ago of the three machines which do all but twenty of the hundred major processes on the engine's largest single casting.

These machines are electronically controlled, the first dealing with all the machining of the sides and top face by thirty-one simultaneously operated workheads; the second deals with all holes on the sump face and sides, and the third drills and taps the ends. A panel of lights shows the stage of progress at any given moment.

For once I find myself at variance with the British Road Federation. It has attacked the Ministry of Transport proposals for restricting the movement of abnormal loads by road.

—Oliver Stewart



THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES (left) presents the Ferodo Gold Trophy to Mr. Rodney Clarke, of Connaught Engineering, for the year's outstanding British sports car achievement. Above, Earl Howe with Mr. Tony Brooks, driver of the Connaught car which won the Syracuse Grand Prix in Sicily. The presentation took place at the Dorchester

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CONVERSATION PIECE at Dunster House, Mark Lane, in the City, during Wymans Jubilee Dance. Mr. John Browning, director of Evans, Bros., Mrs. Eric Burt, Mrs. Browning and Mr. Burt, Deputy-Chairman of Wymans. Dance proceeds went to "Old Ben," the newsagents charity

## DINING OUT

### From Surrey to Soho

PEOPLE who prefer wild, wintry, blustery and cold weekends in the country to a hot weekend at the height of the summer are in a considerable minority. I happen to be one of them. You are away from the crowds, free from the congestion of traffic-packed roads, and you have little or no trouble over accommodation. Your appetite is keen; you feel fit and fresh; and fine meals, strong drinks, roaring fires and a welcome on a cold day are, in my opinion, vastly preferable to the exhausting business of trying to keep cool in the heat.

If you want to spend a winter's weekend within easy reach of London and in a situation which can fairly be described as unique, you could do a lot worse than reserve the Tower Room at the Hog's Back Hotel between Guildford and Farnham, because there you truly find yourself high in the sky and frequently amid the scudding clouds. This is a large circular double room with hot and cold water and efficient central heating, completely surrounded by windows from which you can gaze out over six counties.

ALL facilities for living in comfort are available when you come down to earth in the hotel below, which is bright and gay with an excellent cocktail bar, restaurant and grill room. The chef, W. Reichenstein, is Swiss and apart from various Continental dishes which are available, they concentrate on providing first-class English fare, using local produce as much as possible; given due notice, of course, any special dishes can be prepared to order. This is backed up by a wine list with over seventy wines, many of which are extremely reasonably priced.

The Hog's Back is managed by Dennis Tiernan who has been in the hotel business all his life, and spent ten years at The Ship at Weybridge with his father. He is aided and abetted with much charm by his wife, who has every reason for being an experienced and accomplished hostess as she was for twenty years secretary to Sir Alexander Maxwell and went to many countries and conferences with him in that capacity.

FROM Surrey to Soho—to Kettners Restaurant in Romilly Street. The word "Kettners" still conjures up visions of the late nineties and the Early Edwardians, the carriages drawing up to the side doors, cloaked gentlemen going in at one entrance and heavily veiled ladies going in at another, eventually dining together discreetly in one of the Salon Privées.

Times have changed. The private rooms are still there but discretion is no longer at such a premium, and they are now used for business lunches, cocktail parties and other functions.

Kettners advertise that they are not luxurious and that there is no music or dancing, but personally if it is the food I want to enjoy I find lack of music no hardship. I am not quite sure what they mean by not being luxurious: it is certainly far from being uncomfortable. Their chef, M. Moreau, has been there for ten years and was once chef to the Rothschilds. French cuisine, is, of course, available, but they specialise in first-class English fare and if it's roast beef you are having, it is pretty sure to be Aberdeen Angus.

WHEN Maurice Monnickendam took over Kettners he also co-opted Jean Bonvin to be master of his restaurant and he has now been there for fourteen years. Jean was born in England but left at the age of five. He started work in the Chateau d'Ardennes, a hotel belonging to his father's cousin, in the Ardennes; he then went to the Hotel School in Lausanne, going to England at the age of twenty to learn the language. Starting at the Carlton, he migrated to the Dorchester, and then went back to his father's hotel in Switzerland—the first hotel in that now very fashionable resort, Crans sur Siere—and Jean spent some years going between this Hotel Beau Sejour and various places in London, such as Quaglino's, Claridge's and L'Ecu de France, getting an immense amount of experience.

Lunching there recently on some quite excellent roast beef, which is carved to your requirements at the table, I came across a remarkable Saint Emilion Troplong Mondot 1928, chateau bottled and shipped by Calvet.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Grilling on the platter

ONE is never too old to learn"—or is it that one is old, indeed, when one cannot take on something new? To go on doing a job in the same old way, when it has been superseded by means, perhaps, of new equipment or because someone has suddenly thought up another method of carrying out a similar operation, is shortsighted. So I want to tell you of my newest way of grilling fish.

If you have read my previous notes, you will know that I never place fish cutlets, steaks or fillets on the grid of the grill pan, because fish tends to break. Even herrings and other whole small fish do not get on very well in the turning. But now I no longer turn fish steaks and cutlets, for the simple reason that it is not at all an easy matter to grill both sides to a nice gold tone without overcooking the fish. This is true of salmon, halibut, turbot and cod steaks, and particularly true of fillets of fish.

MY newest way of grilling fish is not even to use the grill pan. Possibly, this is because I have an electric cooker with the grill in the top of the oven. I find it much more simple and satisfactory to melt a generous lump of butter in my shallow oven-dish or platter, under the hot grill, place the fish steaks in it and at once turn them so that both sides are coated with the fat, then grill them (one side only) and serve them in the same dish.

Two to three basting with the butter give the steaks a glorious golden tone and you have the juices from the fish reduced to a full-flavoured essence. If you want to garnish your fish with mushrooms and tomatoes, choose a dish wide enough to accommodate them all and simply grill them together.

If yours is an "old-fashioned" grill, you can still cook fish this way by placing your oven dish or platter on an inverted baking tin, deep enough to approximate my grilling position.

This way, a really hot dish goes to table and the fish and its garnish (which generally quickly cools) remain hot, too. And there is only one fishy dish to wash up! A nice piece of *maitre d'hotel* butter, popped on the steaks in the dining-room, will ensure that it is not melted before being placed on the table.

Remember, younger cooks: Grill one side only for moist, golden-topped grilled fish.

I HAVE already written in these pages of tomato purée, in tubes, as being most useful as well as a great saver of both time and money. Recently, the Collapsible Tube Manufacturers' Association shopped round London to find what other tubed foods they could obtain, with surprising results.

For topping canapes, there were anchovy paste, creamy Italian cheese, mayonnaise and remoulade sauces, whose tubes were fitted with star-pipe ends, smoked salmon and mayonnaise, caviare (of a sort!) and sweetened chestnut purée, all ready for use. Then there were sweetened condensed milk, coffee and cream, butter and even olive oil. All these came from Sweden, Italy and Germany. Britain's contribution to the collection was Devonshire cream, icing, gravy browning and very good mustard, both English and French.

It is to be hoped that our manufacturers will not leave this new presentation of foods to Continental firms, because these tubes not only save much money over the year but are also much more hygienic than some of the usual containers may be, under certain circumstances.

Incidentally, the Trans-Antarctic Expedition has taken supplies of foods in tubes, as did the British Mount Everest Expedition of 1953. The secretary of the latter, Major C. G. Wylie, has said this of some of them: "I found it very convenient to squeeze sweetened condensed milk straight into my mouth when lying in my sleeping-bag."

Recently I came across a new rotary can opener—new in this country but of a type almost in general use in the U.S.A. It is multi-purpose and also opens small screw caps and metal lidded jam jars, and re-seals crown caps. For this last alone, I think this "Kitchen Maid" is well worth the 2s. 11d. it costs at multiple stores.

—Helen Burke

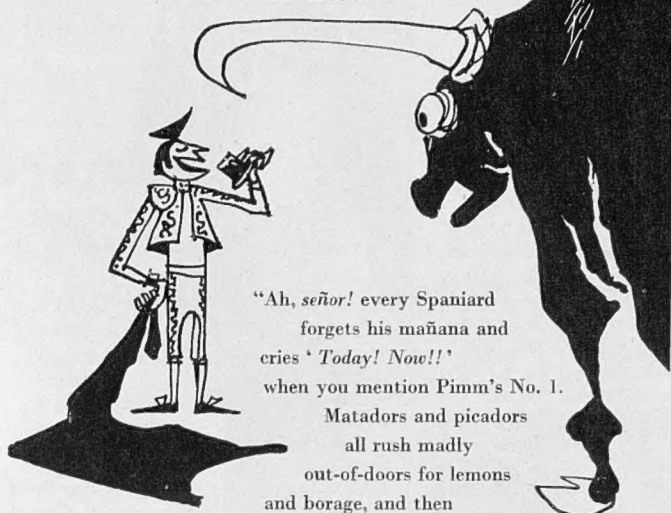


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REIMS



## THEY WERE MARRIED

**Hollway—Baylis.** Mr. Nicolas Hollway, of Lis-sadian, South Ascot, Berks., son of the late Mr. K. C. W. Hollway, and the late Marchioness of Tavistock, married Miss Margaret Jane Baylis, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Surtees Baylis, of Bowood House, Abbotsham, North Devon, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, S.W.1.



**Pollitt—Barbaro of St. George.** Captain David Urquhart Pollitt, Royal Artillery, son of Wing Cdr. T. V. Pollitt, O.B.E., and Mrs. Pollitt, of Ashford, Midsx., married the Noble Edwina Barbaro of St. George, third daughter of the Most Noble Marquis Barbaro of St. George, O.B.E., and the Marchioness Barbaro of St. George, of Malta, at St. Patrick's, Sliema, Malta.

**Deitsch—Stafford.** Mr. Peter Deitsch, son of Mr. Alan Deitsch, of New York, and Mrs. D. H. Silberberg, of New York, married Miss Brenda Mary Stafford, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Stafford, of Knockmartin, Croyham Manor Road, South Croydon, Surrey, at the Church of St. James's, Spanish Place, W.1.



**Cobbett—Leeper.** Mr. George Selous Cobbett, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Cobbett, of Spain End, Petersfield, Hants., married Miss Katharine Camilla Leeper, daughter of the late Mr. A. W. Allan Leeper, C.M.G., C.B.E., and of Mrs. Leeper, of Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.



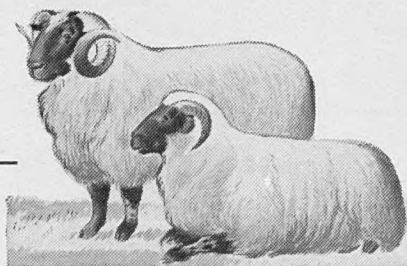
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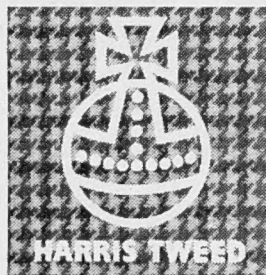


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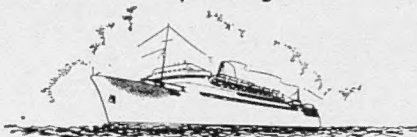
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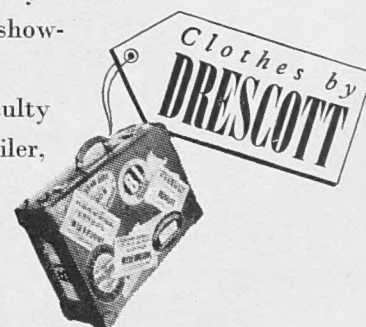
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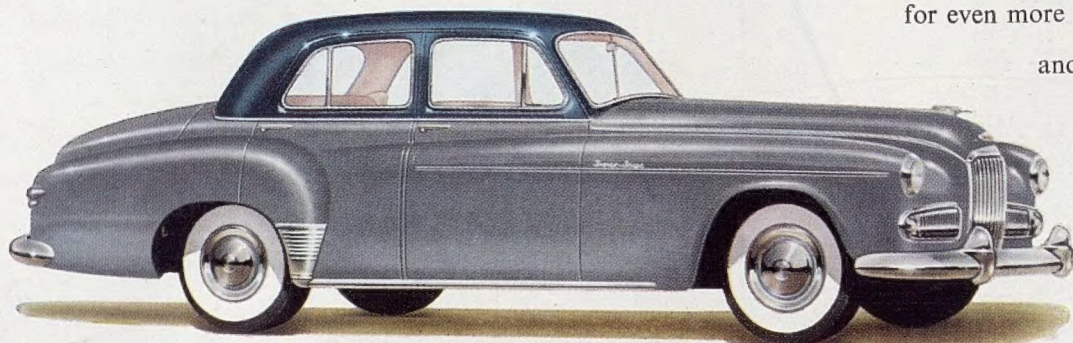


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